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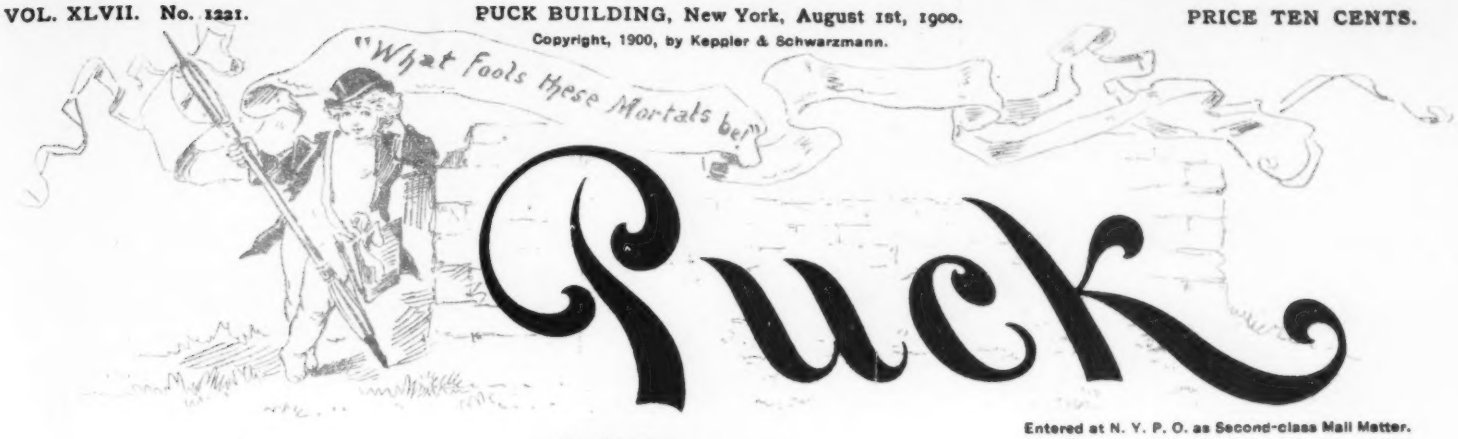


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"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION."

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HIS TIME WOULD COME.

RUPERT.— You speak slightingly of my affection now, but de time will come when you will laud me to de skies.

ANGELINE.— An' when 'll dat be?

RUPERT.— When you marry some poor slob and begin giving him a earache about de fancy guys you *might* have married if you had n't been so foolish.

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## MY WORK.

I HAVE been for some time busily engaged in concocting a literary work which I am confident will be of immense value to posterity — a dictionary of the political words, phrases, and terms at present in vogue.

The volume is not yet nearly completed, but when done I intend to bury or otherwise carefully hide it, leaving it to be discovered by my great-grandson in, say, about the year 2000, at which time, the present meaning of many of the words embodied in it having been completely changed by the progress of years and the erosion of passing events, and others having faded into total obsoleteness, the definitions therein set forth will authoritatively portray the political complexion of the year 1900, and the work be an unassailable criterion by which to settle such disputes as may arise between patriot and patriot. Following are a few extracts from the tome:

AX — An implement that was formerly held on the grindstone. See Nose.

BARREL — The cause of the nomination of a Vice-President.

BEST CITIZENS — Persons who do not vote.

BET — That which is invariably lost.

BOODLER — The other fellow. See Offensive Partisan, also Corruptionist.

CANDIDATE — Synonymous with Nuisance.

COLONEL — A chronic office-seeker with a red nose.

CONVENTION — A grand drunk.

CORRUPTIONIST — The other fellow. See Boodler and Offensive Partisan.

CRANK — The chap who don't believe as I do.

ELOQUENCE — Gas. See Spell-binder.

FLOATER — An independent American who needs the money.

FREE SILVER — A political catchword, supposed to have been invented on All Fools' Day.

HAND-SHAKE — An ante-election ceremony, meaning nothing.

HONEST — An adjective often prefixed to the name of a candidate to signify that he had n't yet been caught at it.

ICE — The cause of the political death of several prominent New York patriots in 1900.

IMPERIALISM — A formidable sounding word, signifying nothing, whatever.

MONOPOLY — Others doing you as you would do them if you had the chance.

OBLIVION — The abiding place of Vice-Presidents.

OFFENSIVE PARTISAN — The other fellow. See Boodler and Corruptionist.

PATRIOT — A person with a strident voice.

PLATFORM — A structure to get in on, not to stand on.

POLITICAL DEATH — Retiring on your hard-earned stealings.

PROHIBITIONIST — A person who would rather die than drink in public.

REFORMER — An office-seeker.

REWARD — Something which the faithful worker expects, but never gets.

SPELL-BINDER — A monster full of noxious gases.

STATESMAN — A politician who gets there.

STOCKS — Something frequently held by senators.

STRAW-VOTE — A favorite pastime of idiots.

STUMP — A place set apart by common consent for liars.

THE PEOPLE — Suckers. See Toiling Masses.

TOILING MASSES — Suckers. See The People.

VENAL PRESS — The opposition newspapers.

VICE-PRESIDENT — A man with a barrel; also one who is completely forgotten. See Oblivion.

VOTE — A commodity.

*Tom P. Morgan.*

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## AN EXHAUSTED FIELD.

"Is Dorothy having a nice time at the seashore?"

"Not very. She writes that the only men there are those who were there last year."

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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXIII.

THE LADY WHO GOT CHINA UP AGAINST CIVILIZATION.

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HER OFFENCE.

ASKINS.— Don't you belong to a reading club, Miss Somers?

MISS SOMERS.— Yes; but I 'm afraid they 'll expel me. I 've been found guilty of talking about a dozen books I have n't read!

---

## THE WATERMELON.

MAN MADE er ga'den patch,
Ten rods squah;
God made er watermelyun —
Put it right thah.

Man made er monstrus fence,
Ten feet high;
God made er niggah chap
Passin' right by.

Man made er heap o' fuss,
Watchin' like a cat;
God made er dahk night —
Could n't beat that!

God made a leetle hole —
Niggah made it biggah;
Man made a fool of —
Melyun made niggah!

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

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## THE REASON.

ASKINGTON.— Why don't you get married, old fellow? Is it because you can not afford it?

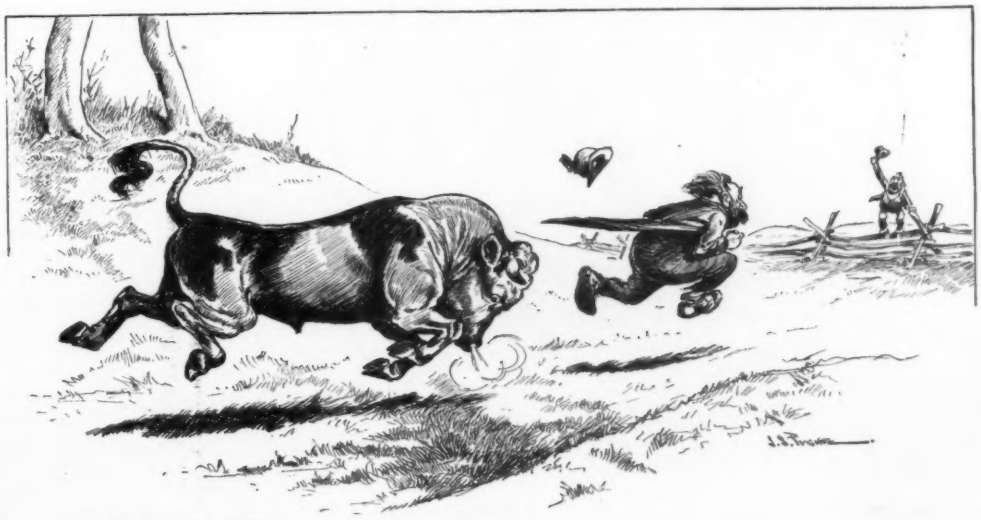
BORROWBY *(frankly)*.— No; it is because the girl's father can't afford it.

## AND THERE YOU ARE.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON.— No sooner do you get seated in church than you close your eyes —

MR. SCRAPPINGTON.— Well, you eye other people's clothes, and —

They glared at each other like uncongenial cats.



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NO SUCH LUCK.

"Gee! If dis was a bulldog dere 'd be some chanst of him bein' satisfied wit' me coat-tails!"

## THE GOLD ONE.

HUSKINBY.— I tell ye, I don't believe Hiram Graball wuz ever in New York in his hull life.

HAYRAKE.— But he wuz; — he showed me the brick!

ONE OF the reasons that we get mad when we are imposed upon is because we don't like to learn that it can be done.

RICHES MAY not always bring happiness, but it seems to an unrich person that they might be sent after it very successfully.

## THE REASON WHY.

SAID THE mussel to the oyster:
"Are you happy as a clam?"
Said the oyster, rather grumly:
"No; I do not think I am."

"What 's the reason?" said the mussel;
And the snappish oyster said:
"Well, I got out this morning
The wrong side of my bed."

*Carolyn Wells.*

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COULD USE IT.

"Nay, Faun, thou art but half a man! My bric-à-brac will be no use to thee!"

"Not so, friend! At times, my man-half is very thirsty, and I will use thy bric-à-brac for a growler."

## "BE IT ENACTED," ETC.

IT WAS a rural philosopher who announced that the persuasion of mankind was due to the way you take 'em, and a Cockney songster revealed the method when he said "you must take 'em as you find 'em." There are surface indications that our men in public life have discovered these grand secrets, and that is why so many keep in public life. Since the foundation of the government, taking National, State and Civic assemblies, it has been calculated that eight million laws have been enacted, and the law makers are still at work. If there is one thing more than another that the American citizen wants it is a law, and he won't be happy until he gets it.

Suppose, for instance, it is discovered that the average room in a tenement house contains 7 1-8th persons, when science has established that no more than 4 1-7th persons can be safely housed in that space. Now in France the Rightists and the Leftists would n't give in until the populace began to rip up the pavements, but in New York the Assembly passes the law in thirty-six hours. Then the clamor ceases, and 9 2-3rds persons occupy the space formerly held by 7 1-8th. There is the law on the books, and what more do you want?

Saloons open on Sunday offend a great many good people, and they clamor for closure on that day. Certainly; of course. "Be it enacted that the saloons shall be closed on Sunday," etc. There 's your law, and there are the saloons open on Sunday, the same as before, and everybody is happy.

Look at Maine. Fifty years ago it was discovered that rum was cursing the State, and bringing in Canucks to drink it, so the prohibition law was passed; and now an energetic man can get a drink anywhere in the State and the Canucks come in more than ever. But nobody complains, because there 's the law.

People spit on the floor of the street-cars, which is disgusting as well as unsanitary. The women agitate the matter until signs are put up, saying that, "Passengers must not spit on the floor of this car." After a week or two the passengers spit on the floor of this car. If you call the conductor's attention to the practice he will point proudly to the sign. There is the law and if people violate it, how can he help it?

If there is anything that exasperates thinking people it is adulteration of food products. They don't mind it in whiskey—that does n't count—but coffee, sugar, cheese, flour, candy and so forth; that churns them up. By heavens! is it possible that we are to be robbed and drugged at the same time? Our health ruined, our—. Give us a law! Give us two laws! Then we get a law, and the food is adulterated just the same, but everybody eats with relish and without fear, because there is a law against adulteration.

Notice how city contracts are drawn. Can you find a flaw in the specifications? No, sir! There it is, in black ink, saying just what the contractor has to do, how many bricks and nails and feet of lumber, and how everything is to be put together. Nothing is forgotten, and when the civic reformers rush around to the City Hall to know why the contractor does n't do the job properly, the officials bring out the specifications and show that everything is straight as a string, and then the reformers have to go away abashed. The job may have to be done over again next year, but there is no flaw in the specifications.

It has been suggested that laws ought to be passed in the several States regarding the hereafter. A great many people have a dim notion that they are not living exactly according to the Ten Commandments and the Rule of Three, to say nothing of the Criminal Code, and it would be no more than simple justice to relieve the fears of such people. All that is necessary is to have the various legislatures pass something like this:

"Whereas, a great many citizens are in doubt as to what will become of them after they die.

"Be it enacted, that any resident of the State of New York who had resided sixty days in the said State prior to his or her decease, shall go to Heaven."

Then everybody could play checkers with the devil and die with a peaceful mind.

*Sidney.*

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A FELLOW-FEELING.

BUNCO STEERER.—That 'ere gold brick, Podner, represents two years of hard toil in the Klondike!

FARMER GREENE.—Shake, old hoss! I've got one that represents six months' hard toil in Moose Medder! You ain't the only guy that 's got stuck on 'em!

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AN OPPORTUNITY.

THE WIDOWER.— 'T is a broight little wan, that!

THE WIDOW.— 'T is, indade! 'T is only yisterday he was axin' me if he 'd iver have a stepfather.

## MISSES.

Tho' a kiss be a-miss
  She who misses the kisses
As Miss without kiss
  May miss being a Mrs.
And he who a-miss
  Thinks both Misses and kisses
Will miss Miss and kiss
  And the kisses of Mrs.

## IMPRUDENT.

The savage princess was attired in a pair of golf stockings which the last typhoon had tossed upon the coral strand of her father's island.

"How dreadfully décolleté!" whispered the ladies of the Opposition. "One would think this an evening affair, whereas it is only a five o'clock."

Even the Administration ladies were fain to confess that her royal highness was at least imprudent.

## THE BEST WAY.

CASTLETON. — What do you think! Here 's a fellow who writes and says I borrowed ten dollars of him over eight years ago, and he wants the money.

CLUBBERLY.—Why don't you write him back and tell him it takes more than eight years to change your disposition?

## MUTUAL CONFESSION.

HE.— It was all I could do to keep from kissing you last night.

SHE.— And it was all I could do to keep from telling you that you could n't.

## THE OPEN SCHOOL-YARD.

HERETICAL VIEWS OF A BENEFICIARY.

*"There is a movement in American cities to open the school-yards in vacation as playgrounds for the children."*
*—News item.*

SCHOOL-GROUNDS open in vacation! Did you hear it?
Say! Somebody 's broke his brain, or pretty near it.
  Somebody 's goin' daffy,
  Or he 's givin' of you taffy,
And we 'll thank him, I don't think, and don't you fear it.

  When a feller quits in June, you bet he 's hopin'
  That he 'll never see no school-grounds, *shut* or open.
    And to play in in vacation
    They 're no good in all creation.
  Good enough fer girls, perhaps, to jump a rope in.

But fer fellers! what 's the good of stone and cinder
With a janitor a-swoopin' round to hinder
  Ev'rythin' you do and fetch you
  A kick (if he can ketch you)
When you bat a ball right through some blame old winder?

An' old Miss Grundy told us (she 's my teacher)
That "voluntary school might be a feacher,"
  And we could spend vacation
  Gettin' lots of "information."
Well, you can bet *my* desk 'll be a bleacher!

  Fer them few weeks in Summer, you can bet 't
  A feller's use fer school is to ferget it.
    Need n't try to corner him in
    No school-yard when there 's swimmin'
  An' lots of other fun where he can get it.

Still, it might be fun to go to bed some Sunday,
Pretendin' school was to be took up Monday,
  An' sleep late in the mornin',
  'S if you did n't give a darn 'n'
You was n't scared of no old, sour Miss Grundy,

  An' eat your breakfast slow as if 't was seven,
  An' laze along to school about eleven,
    An' reach there — an' remember
    You was free until September!
  Say! that 'd be a chunk right out of Heaven!

*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

## EPHEMERAL WEALTH.

"Cohenstein haf failedt, mit liapilities oafer a million!"
"Yes; but it von't take Cohenstein's family long to put all kindts of grimps in a million!"

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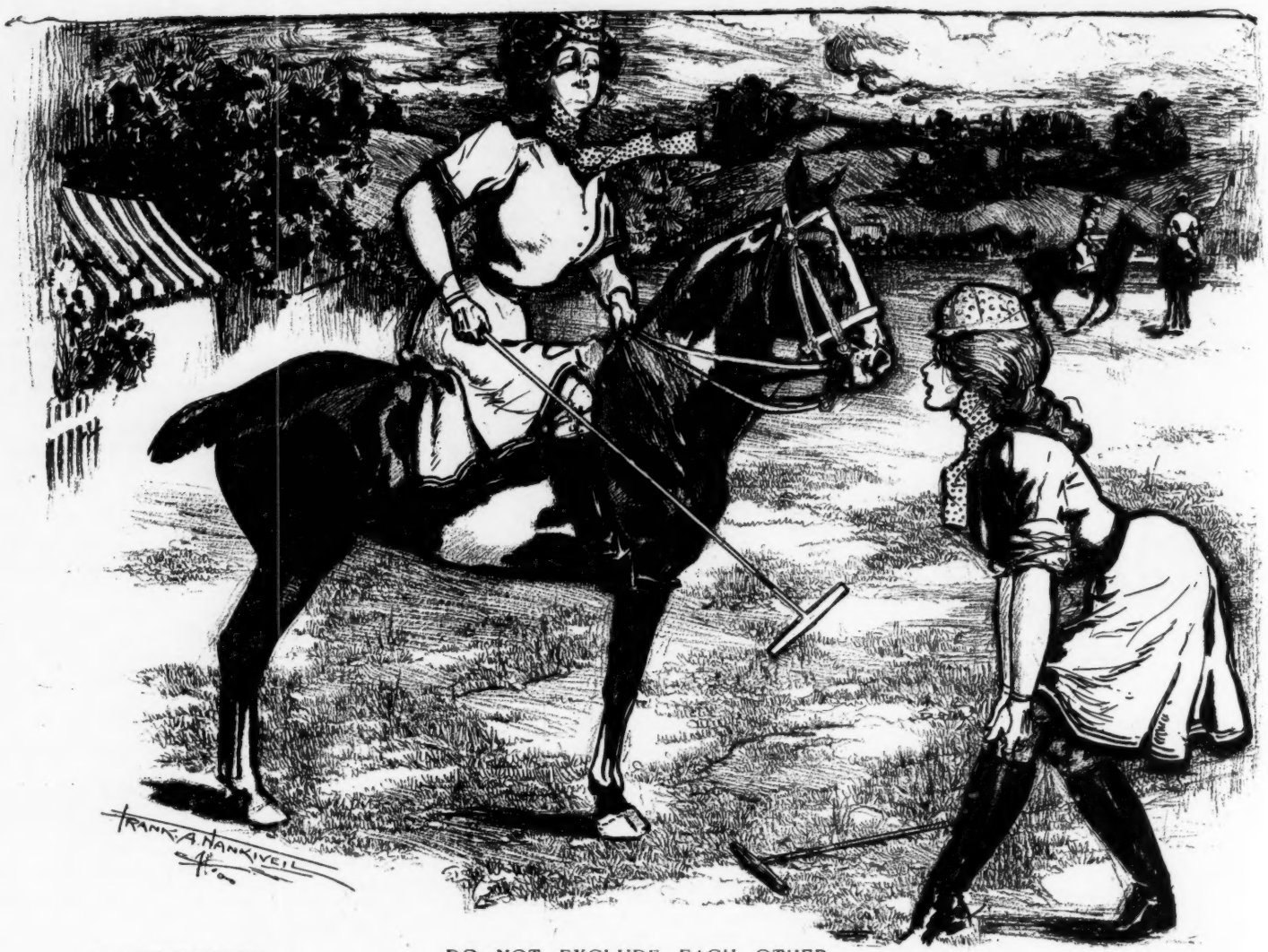
THE DANGEROUS GAME OF GOLF.

PROFESSOR WISE.— I understand that it is a fascinating game. I am almost afraid to learn it.

PROFESSOR BRAYNE.— So am I. A friend of mine learned it and he spends a lot of time at it which he really ought to devote to bugs.

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DO NOT EXCLUDE EACH OTHER.

"Positively, I 'd rather play polo then flirt."
"Fortunately, it is possible to do both at once."

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## ONE WAY.

HUSBAND.—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you next year.

WIFE.—You know how much you can afford, don't you?

HUSBAND.—Why, yes.

WIFE.—Then give me as much more as you can spare.

## AS TO THE FAIR ONE.

YOUNG MR. ISAACS.—Ah! Dot girl, she—vot you call it?—she choost realizes my iteal!

YOUNG MR. COHENSTEIN.—So? How mooch moneysh has she got?

## A QUEER PERSON.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Uncle Lyman Swank is the strangest old man I ever seen!

FARMER HAWBUCK.—How's that Ezry?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Why, no matter what kind of a story ye tell him, it never reminds him of anything!

## GUESSED IT THE FIRST TIME.

BRIGGS.—You could n't lend me five dollars, could you?

GRIGGS.—Well, well, you must be a mind-reader!

A JOLLY IS just like any other investment: it is only a good thing when properly placed.

## HIS PROSPECTIVE CONDITION.

TARANTULA JIM.—I hear tell that Polecat Pete was shot nine times through the body. You s'pose he 'll git well?

ALKALI IKE.—I reckon he 'll live, but I figger that he 'll always be mighty porous.

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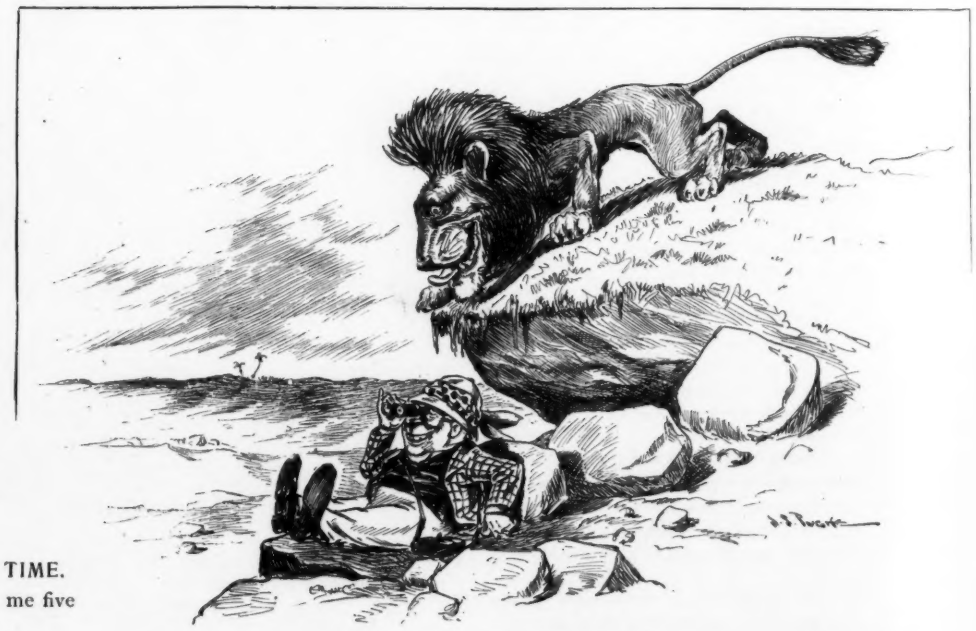
## A CONVENIENCE.

If those sixteenth century ruffs would only come into fashion again what a blessing it would be to the waiters in the Bowery restaurants!



## NOT HIS STRONG POINT.

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THE LION.—And he does n't even know I 'm in the neighborhood! Well! Well! the human animal is a corker in some respects, but his instinct is n't worth a cuss!

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

HILL VS. CROKER.

THE OPPOSING beliefs of two eminent politicians promise to clash entertainingly at an early day. They are Mr. Croker's belief that he is Everybody, and Mr. Hill's belief that he is at least Somebody. Mr. Croker took pains at Kansas City to demonstrate that Mr. Hill's interment four years ago was not one of those shocking cases that come under the head of "buried alive." Mr. Hill himself was unable to prevent or even to retard this demonstration. All this with reference to national politics. But Mr. Hill is now of the opinion that on the narrower battlefield of State politics something may be done to Mr. Croker, and he is said to be pluming himself for such an attack. The good wishes of the public should go impartially to each combatant, since it can not but profit the public to have the claim of either disproved. The New York tax-payer meanwhile may get an occasional hint as to just how many kinds of monkey the Bosses make of him.

THE SILVER TICKET.

THE WORD "paramount" is coming to the front in numbers that we do not remember ever to have been exceeded. It is a beautiful word, with rare hints of potency and significance. It is being used chiefly by the apologists for the Democratic platform. Free Silver, they say, is not the paramount issue of the campaign. The paramount issue is Imperialism, if you are an owner of Trust stocks. If you own none of these the paramount issue is Trusts. Free Silver, anyway, is not paramount. The process of elimination that brings this result is so subtle as to be elusive to the mind of any but a Theosophic adept. There is the anti-Trust doctrine. Reduced to its simplest form, it declares that two or more men may not combine their capitals for any business enterprise. It does n't say how they are to be prevented. The anti-Imperialism doctrine is likewise vague. To the best of our understanding its basic assumption is that the government which is good enough for Maine and Ohio and California is not good enough for the Philippine Islands; and that the government which was forced after great slaughter upon the people of our Southern States may not rightfully be forced upon another section of our country. The manner in which we may properly ease ourselves of this responsibility, however, is not disclosed. But the Free Silver issue is definite. We know what it is and how it would be disposed of. The Democratic candidate for President has never, to our knowledge, been accused of reticence on this point, and the Democratic platform is beautifully specific. In view of these facts we are unable to see why Free Silver is not the paramount issue. We guess it is about as paramount as any issue the Democrats have.

THE SHIPPING TRUST.

SENATOR HANNA has been paying too much attention to politics and not enough to business. While he was occupied with conventions and candidates and things, the Bureau of Navigation took advantage of the opportunity to issue a most embarrassing report. It was a report that Senator Hanna should, by all business canons, have labored to suppress. Lacking the power to suppress it, he should at least have had it submitted to the offices of a competent garbler. For Senator Hanna's pet project just now is a shipping subsidy; a project by which ship-builders are to be reimbursed for building their own ships, by the opulent tax-payers of the United States. The Senator has explained this plan to be necessary because, in spite of an undeniable demand for more ships, ship-builders won't build them unless the tax-payer pays them to do it. Yet this ill-timed report shows that the ship-builders not only see a profit in building ships without a subsidy, but so large a profit that not even the promise of a subsidy next year will induce them to hold off. If this untoward circumstance should affect Senator Hanna's pocket adversely we can only remind him that the damage is due to his own negligence.

PARKS AND THE HOMELESS.

A PHILOSOPHER who ought to be writing weighty tomes is squandering his genius in the columns of our esteemed neighbor the *Home Journal*. Having observed that certain of the inferior classes resort habitually to the city's parks, he is inspired to ask: "Why is it that the hoboes, out-of-works, panhandlers, cheap-men-with-cheap-coats, frowsy-headed, homeless women, and unfortunate and unhappy-looking people generally, persist in occupying so many of the benches in these pretty oases of our brick-and-mortar Sahara? It seems unkind of them." It does, indeed. And, moreover, it seems quite inexplicable, as our philosopher finds it to be. There are thousands of unoccupied dwelling-houses and apartments in New York, to be had for a reasonable rental, to say nothing of its scores of roomy hotels where these people could enjoy the best of service for four or five dollars a day. And then there are our excellent transit facilities by land and water, affording cheap and agreeable access to thousands of Summer resorts by shore and mountain, both here and abroad. Yet, despite these glaring alternatives, the "cheap-men-with-cheap-coats, frowsy-headed, homeless women and unfortunate and unhappy-looking people generally" persist in haunting our park benches, many of them, indeed, making shift to stay there the night through, when all decent people are in their beds. Yet our philosopher makes a stagger at a solution of the mystery by pointing out that "if a man must live he must occupy space on the earth's surface;" and he also attempts to palliate the offence of these unpretty persons by urging us to "console ourselves with the thought that these beautiful parks probably bring into darkened lives some suggestion of that joy and brightness which we instinctively feel ought to be the portion of every one of us." It will be seen that he adopts the true scientific method in his investigations of social phenomena, and we suspect that he is on the verge of a tremendous discovery. We would caution him, however, that "a man must live" is an absurdly unscientific assumption. Many of these same offenders prove conclusively that there is very little "must" about a man's living, even when he may go and sit brazenly on a park bench as long as ever he wants to.

## AT OCEAN GROVE.

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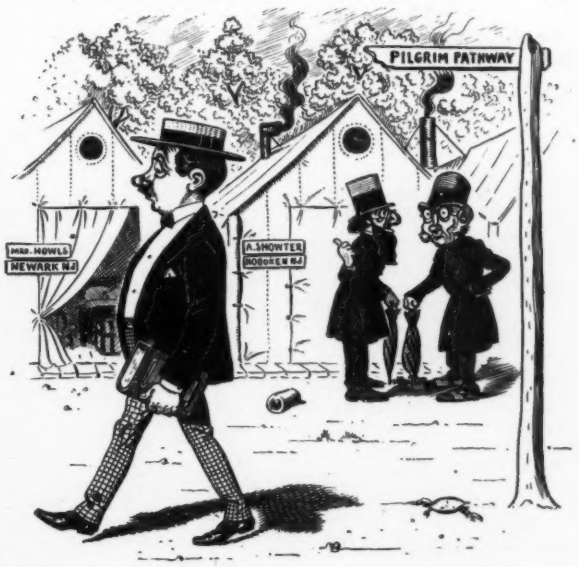


BROTHER DOOSEM.—Neighbor Bowers is a very peculiar man. He seldom attends meetings, yet I observe him every day or so going off into the woods, bible in hand. There he goes now with his bible and a hymn book!

NEIGHBOR BOWERS *(outside the mile limit)*.—All right, Scotty! Now, put an extra pint in the Hymnal; I 'm going to have company down over Sunday.

J.OTTMANN LITH.CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

I.

Oh! the horns are all a-tootin' as we rattle through the town,
And we fellers are a-hootin' and a-jumpin' up and down,
And the girls are all a-gigglin' and a-tryin' ter be smart,
With their braided pig-tails wigglin' at the joltin' of the cart;
There 's the teachers all a-beamin', rigged up in their Sunday clothes,
And the parson's specs a-gleamin' like two moons acrost his nose,
And the sup'rintendent lookin' mighty dignerfied and cool,
And a-bossin' of the picnic of the Baptist Sunday-School.

II.

Everybody 's got their basket brimmin' full of things ter eat,
And I 've got one — if yer ask it — that 's purty hard ter beat,
'Cept that Sis put in some pound-cake that she made herself alone;
And I bet yer never found cake that was quite so much like stone.
There 'll be quarts of sass'parilla, yes, and "lemmo" in a tub;
There 'll be ice-cream — it 's vernilla — and all kinds of fancy grub;
And they 're sure ter spread the table on the ground beside the spring,
So 's the ants and hoppergrasses can jest waltz on everything.

III.

Then the girls they 'll be a-yippin', cause a bug is in the cream,
And a "daddy-long-legs" skippin' round the butter makes 'em scream;
And a fuzzy caterpillar, — jest the littlest kind they make, —
Sets 'em holl'rin', "Kill her! Kill her!" like as if it was a snake.
Then, when dinner-time is over and we boys have et enough,
Why, the big girls they 'll pick clover, or make wreaths of leaves and stuff;
And the big chaps they 'll set round 'em, lookin' soft as ever wuz,
Talkin' gush and actin' silly, same as that kind always does.

IV.

Then we 'll ride home when it 's dark'nin' and the leaves are wet with dew,
And the lightnin'-bugs are sparklin' and the moon is shinin', too;
We 'll sing "Jingle bells" and "Sailin'," "Seein' Nelly home," and more;
And that one that 's slow and wailin', "Home ag'in from somethin' shore."
Then a feller 's awful sleepy and he kinder wants ter rest,
But the stuff he 's et feels creepy and like bricks piled on his chest;
And, perhaps, he dreams his stummick has been stepped on by a mule;
But it ain't; it 's jest the picnic of the Baptist Sunday-School!

*Joe Lincoln.*

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## LOCAL ITEMS.

FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL (WASHINGTON, D. C.) RECORD AND INTELLIGENCER.

WE OBSERVE that the paper published at Chicago (Ill.) is devoting a good deal of space recently to exploiting the prowess of its constituents at the gentle and joyous pastime of poker.

According to this sheet, the limit in Chicago is seldom less than four bits, and when the players feel extra balloonish they frequently open a trap-door in the sky. Now, we, ourselves, never sit in at more than a levy; but there was a game pulled off here the other night that we judge would make even Chicago bat an eyelash.

On the evening in question Deacon Tallmadge had won all the money in sight, gotten cold feet and gone home, and the rest of the boys were reduced to playing on futures. The game had finally sifted down to Mark Hanna, Johnny McLean, and Jim Jones.

Mark started a pot with a fourth-class postmastership, Jim saw him, while Johnny tilted him a Census enumerator. Mark went a deputy marshal better; Jim roused up, saw both bets, and chucked in a couple of Circuit Judges; Johnny trailed, and cards were drawn. Mark took four cards, Jim three, and Johnny five. Jim bet off a West Point cadetship-at-large, Johnny raising that with a General Inspector of Steam Boilers, Mark seeing them both and going an Indian Commissioner better.

James created a good deal of excitement by coming back with a Third Assistant Attorney-General; and the interest rose to fever-heat when John elevated him with a Secretaryship of Agriculture, and was hoisted an Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James, by Mark. Jim wanted to boost Mark a Lord High Governor-General of Manila and the Philippine Islands, but friends here intervened and it was decided to show down. Jim had three clubs, Mark a pair of deuces, and Johnny a Jack high, Mark accordingly taking the pot.

It was a good game, but we merely mention it in these columns to draw the attention of our Chicago friends to the fact that they are not the entire cheese.

We are indebted to Johnny Hay, sometimes dubbed the "Sweet Singer of the State Department," for the following poem on the highly original subject of "Spring."

Now Winter 's eloped, where'er we go,
With his coat of ice and his vest of snow;
'T was this induced the bard to sing
The bang-up beauties of the Spring.

We know of no one who can so happily combine the vernacular with chaste and true poesy as John. And, in addition to its other manifold merits, this poem possesses the very commendable one of being brief. As Shakspere justly says, "If brevity be the food of wit, play on, give me access to it," etc. Come again, John!

In issuing this week on the backs of miscellaneous pieces of wall-paper, we wish it understood that we are not attempting anything in the impressionistic poster or colored supplement line. The circumstances are as follows:

Monday morning John Gates rushed into our sanctum, took us into the woodshed, and, with much mincing malecho and a great show of secrecy, offered to show us how to make a lot of money. John claimed to have a friend who was just embarking in the three-card monte business, was green at the trade and could be easily honeyfugled.

The scheme promised so well that we agreed to put up $4 that we had managed to rake together to purchase our weekly supply of paper.

We will not go into the disgusting details. Suffice it to say that our four bones lasted just nine minutes, and the monte man kindly set up the tods. Probably we have no right to complain, for we have been against games of this kind before and ought to have known what to expect. Moreover, we can't prove anything on John; but we do think that he should not, under the guise of friendship, have induced us to take chances with a process involving only pure skill.

On Thursday night thieves broke into the post-office at Cuba Corners, of the next township, and stole a Postal Guide for 1888, a lot of applications for money order blanks, and the entire issue of the Hotstuff Half-dime Library for this county. The authorities are at a loss to decide just who is responsible for the outrage; but, as an elegant fur-lined overcoat was left behind, marked "Charles F. W. Neely, Muncie, Ind.," Sheriff Len Wood is inclined to think that said Neely may possibly know something about the robbery.

While the Sheriff hardly feels justified in making an arrest on such slight evidence, still he hopes that Mr. Neely will call at his earliest convenience and lend his assistance toward bringing the guilty parties to justice.

We take pleasure in announcing that our choice for a statue of one of our most distinguished fellow-citizens, to be placed in the projected Hall of fame, at New York (N. Y.), falls upon our esteemed contemporary and townsman, Col. Joe Rickey. Old Uncle Chaunce Depew waggishly remarks that it would be a neat and appropriate tribute to the Colonel, in view of the circumstances to which he owes his greatness, to have said statue constructed entirely of limestone.

Quit borrowing your neighbor's *Record and Intelligencer*, or going to the barber-shop to read same, and come in and subscribe for the paper yourself.

*W. S. Adkins.*

A PARADOXICAL RESORT.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Is this place quiet and restful?

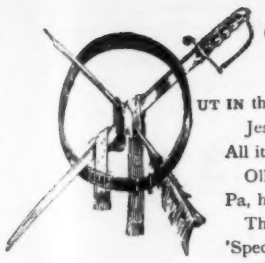
FARMER JONES.—Is it? Why, some o' the folks that spends their vacations here actually hates to go back to work again!

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

HE.—Now, after every shooting-star I shall look for a kiss.

SHE.—And after every kiss I shall look for a shooting-star.

## KILLED: A SON.



*(From the Report — KILLED: White, Oliver, Co. H, Thirty-sixth Inf., in action at Calamba, May—.)*

UT IN the Philippines (can't tell where,
Jes' exactly, tho' Pa has read
All it gives in the atlas there)
Ollie — but, mebbe, you've heard? — is dead.
Pa, he says that it may n't be so;
Things in the papers ain't always right,
'Specially names; — but I know, *I know!*
(Killed, in action, Oliver White.)

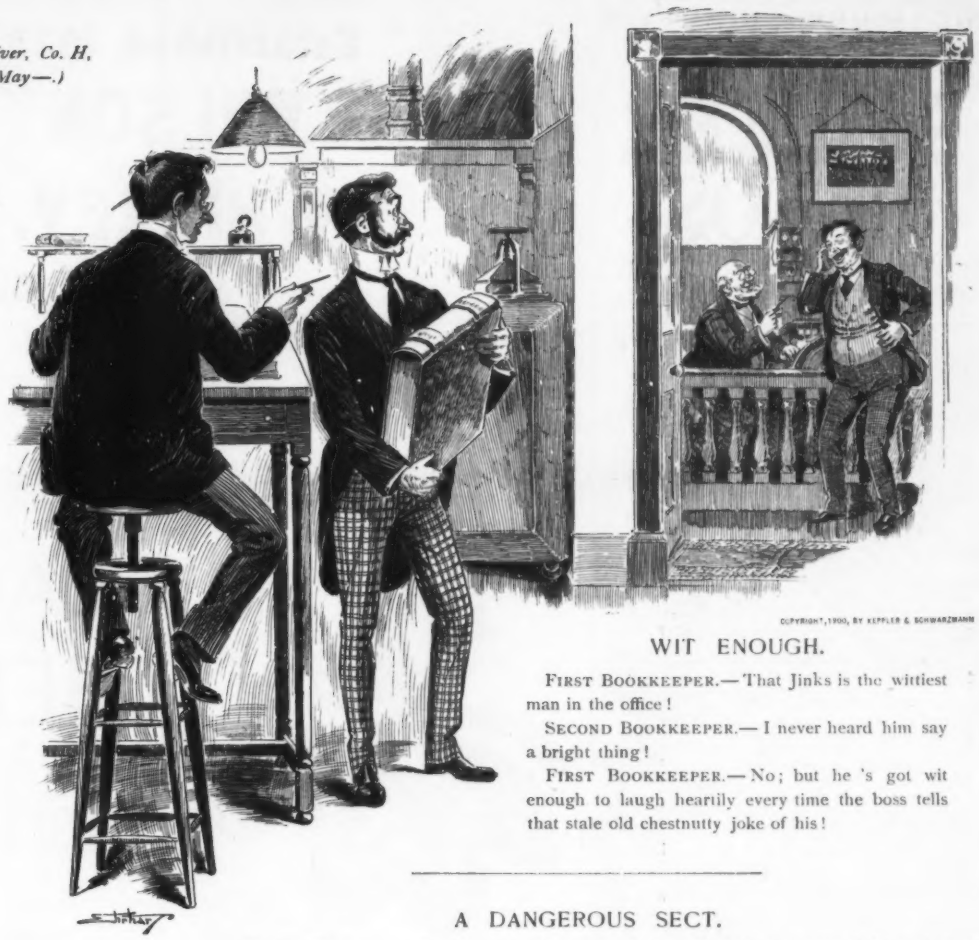
*Mus'* be Ollie — for it 's the same
Regiment — company, even, too.
Pa insists: "It 's a common name;
We 'll jes' hope that the news ain't true."
Yet why, when the paper come to-day,
Was I of a sudden took with fright
Ere ever I saw what it had to say?
(Killed, in action, Oliver White.)

Few, I reckon, will think it 's him;
"Oliver" sounds so stiff and queer;
To all the people he 's "Spike" and "Slim," —
No one spoke of him different, here.
*Was* n't the *steadiest* kind of lad;
Loafed — a little; and drank — a *mite;*
But, then, he was n't percisely *bad.*
(Killed, in action, Oliver White.)

And p'r'aps we ought to be glad he went.
*I* was willin' — I cried a bit,
But thought if soldierin' *was* his bent
'T was wrong to keep him away from it.
And now the people who called him wild
And good-for-nothing, will see they might
Hev all misjudged him — my child! my child!
(Killed, in action, Oliver White.)

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

THE CHINESE invented gunpowder; the Western barbarians reinvented it and are now showing the Chinese what can be done with it.



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## WIT ENOUGH.

FIRST BOOKKEEPER.— That Jinks is the wittiest man in the office!

SECOND BOOKKEEPER.— I never heard him say a bright thing!

FIRST BOOKKEEPER.— No; but he 's got wit enough to laugh heartily every time the boss tells that stale old chestnutty joke of his!

## A DANGEROUS SECT.

FIRST BOXER.— By the way, do any of the Christians around here belong to the Dutch Reformed Church?

SECOND BOXER.— I think not.

FIRST BOXER.— That 's good! If they did, we 'd have to keep our eyes peeled for traps.


# SEAL
## OF NORTH CAROLINA
# PLUG CUT

is a mild, cool, mellow and satisfying tobacco of the highest quality and is the most popular and largest selling brand of "plug cut" smoking tobacco in the world! The reason for this is that the leaf that "Seal" is made of is cured in its own native climate — in the sunshine and balmy atmosphere of the southern states, where pipe tobacco originated. A full size trial pouch will be sent by return mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps by The American Tobacco Co.,

111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SMOKE THE BEST.

The greatest proof of merit in a cigar is the sales. The sales of La Preferencia are greater than any other cigar selling at 10c. and upward. When you smoke La Preferencia you smoke the best.

THE TRAVELER'S PACKAGE.

**If your dealer does not sell Preferencia Cigars in sealed cans send us your name, address and $2.50 and we will express you, charges prepaid, a can containing 25.**

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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## For Home Use

order a trial case of that superior American product

# GREAT WESTERN Champagne

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.
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# CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

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Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

---

If a fool and his money are so easily parted, will somebody please inform us how it is that there are so many rich fools?—*Star of Hope.*

It is funny, but a father is so afraid of his daughter he never sits in the parlor, but any young man around town is welcome there seven nights in the week. —*Atchison Globe.*

---

# EAGLE MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Careful selection of fruit and artistic packing have rendered them superior to all. Their pure fruit taste appeals to everyone.

**THEY OWN THE MARKET**

Delicious in Ices, Sherbets, and essential in Cocktails. Invariably fresh. Patent glass closure. No metal to taint the contents.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES

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945-967 Martin Street, or 946-966 East Front Street, } CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

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**Makes pictures 3¼ x 4¼ inches and GOES IN THE POCKET.**

The No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodaks are made of aluminum, covered with fine morocco, have the finest Rapid Rectilinear lenses, automatic shutters, sets of three stops, scales for focusing, tripod sockets for horizontal exposures and brilliant view finders (reversible) with metal light shields. Load in daylight with Eastman's Film Cartridges for two, six or twelve exposures.

**Price, $17.50.**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

*Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.*

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Any man reads a telegram two or three times.—*Washington Democrat.*

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Morrow Coaster Brake

*Ride 50 miles Pedal 35.*

FITS ANY BICYCLE

Send for booklet.
Eclipse Bicycle Company,
Elmira, N. Y.

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A FORECAST.

"Yes; I bin talkin' politics more or less with the folks round here."
"And what do you think of Bryan's chances?"
"Well, I think he 'll get a majority—of the votes he got last time."

---

The blues, the "sorrys," or whatever you may call them—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, makes them vanish. *Ask for Abbott's.*

For an appetizer *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* leads all. For 40 years it has taken the lead for its purity.

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# The Brunswick

Have a good Cigar. It's just as easy to have a good smoke as a poor one. They cost you the same. The Brunswick is good. You will like it and buy it again. ***Look for Arrow Head on Every Cigar.***

JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3rd Ave., N. Y. City.

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If you 're looking for a cure
Which is pleasant, safe and sure,
For the misery in your stomach or your head
Take that remedy, far famed,
"Ripans Tabules" quaintly named,
"Bless the man who makes them,"
Sufferers long have said.

---

Every ten industrious men are compelled to support a schemer.—*Atchison Globe.*

---

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,

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Branch Warehouse: 20 Beekman Street,
All kinds of Paper made to order.

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# Six Trains Daily for Chicago—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

# When You Need Money

You usually need it promptly; its value is often doubled if you can get it "at once." Just so in

# Life Insurance

Promptness in the payment of benefit when death occurs is all-important and especial arrangements are made by

# The Prudential

to insure all possible dispatch in the payment of claims. Usually payment is made the day proofs of death are received.

## Nearly 50,000 Claims were paid during 1899.

Paid to policy-holders during 1899, over **$6,250,000**

Paid to policy-holders total to date, over **$42,700,000**

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THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

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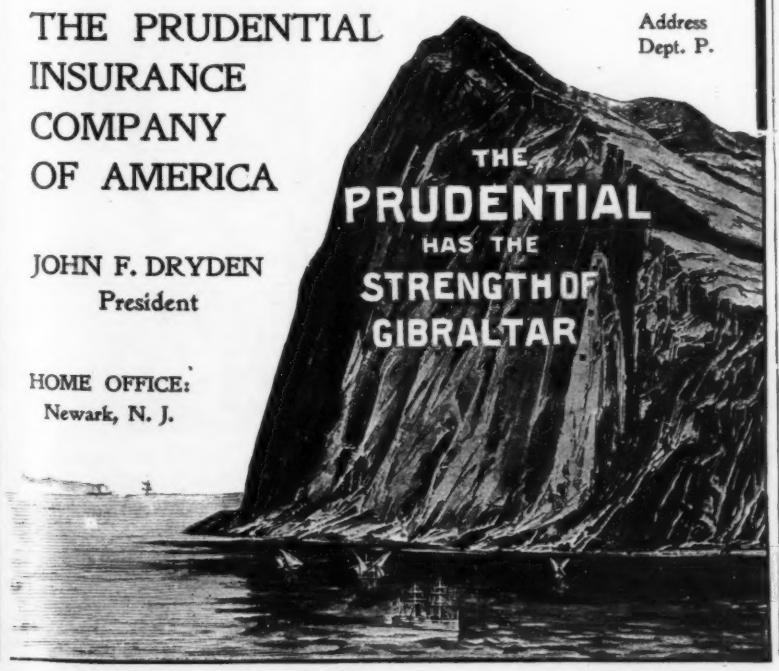
Newark, N. J.





### In Sweet Content.

Don't worry 'bout the worl' at all—
  Don't look beyond the bars;
The Lord 's a-runnin' of it,
  An' lightin' up de stars.

Ef one day brings me sorrow
  I take it right, an' say,
"The sun 'll shine to-morrow
  Jest in the ol' bright way!"

Ever the birds air singin'
  In pathways whar we roam;
Ever the bells air ringin',
  Ever the ship comes home!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### His Principle.

"You are a spendthrift!" exclaimed the man of wealth.

"Yes," said the titled son-in-law.

"Have you no high principles in life?"

"Yes, sir! I am one of the people who consider it a disgrace to die rich." —*Washington Star.*

### More Fit.

"Jaysmith is a sharp man," said Bloobumper.

"I should use the comparative degree instead of the positive," said Spatts.

"How 's that?"

"I should call him a sharper." —*Detroit Free Press.*

### Inventions Wanted.

"Over in Africa," said the armored train engineer, "we need bomb-proof passenger trains."

"And over in America," spoke up the trans-continent engineer, "we need bum-proof freight cars.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### A Little Too Short.

Employer.—What do you do with your Saturday half-holiday?

Clerk.—Oh! I have a good time thinking where I would go and what fun I could have if it were a whole holiday.—*New York Weekly.*

### His Offence.

"What was the cause of the latest quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Bickers?"

"Mrs. Bickers caught her husband lying on one of her sofa cushions." —*Harper's Bazar.*

### She Can Have It.

"Mrs. Langtry haughtily says she can get along without the aristocracy of this country."

"Well, if she can't she 's at perfect liberty to take it with her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mrs. Church.—Do you know, my husband 's afraid to go into a dark room even now.

Mrs. Gotham.—You don't mean it?

Mrs. Church.—Yes. I do; he fell over a rocking-chair in the dark once. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Nude Souls" is the odd title of the novel that Benjamin Swift is busily writing. Of course it will contain nothing but the naked truth.—*Norristown Herald.*

When not studying the Bible, a preacher must find the week days mighty lonesome.—*Atchison Globe.*


Thousands testify that *Dr Siegert's* Angostura Bitters is the proper tonic to take in the Spring. A reputation of fifty years speaks for itself.

# Unique

This title means:

**The only one of its kind and nothing like it.**

It fits like a glove around the super-excellent qualities of

**HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE**

It fits its purity, age, flavor

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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

# Williams' Shaving Soap

**OPIUM** and **Liquor Habit** cured in **10** to **20** days. **No pay till cured.** Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.**, **Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.**

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*On July 9th, 17th, and August 1st the following rates will be made from Chicago for round trip, tickets good returning until October 31st:*

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| *Denver and return* | *$31.50* |
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| *Glenwood Springs and return* | *43.50* |
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| *Deadwood, S. D., and return* | *33.55* |
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*Particulars of any agent, or call at*

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| 301 Main St., - Buffalo | 17 Campus-Martius, Detroit |
| 212 Clark St., - Chicago | 2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont. |

## Never Varies.

Next to purity, the yeast used in brewing is of the utmost importance in beer. Perfect beer requires a perfect yeast, and rarely does a brewer find it.

The Schlitz brewery introduced chemically pure yeast in America. After countless experiments and years of research the famous Schlitz yeast was adopted. It has made Schlitz beer the most palatable, most healthful beer that is brewed.

The original mother cells form a priceless asset. All the yeast used in Schlitz beer forever will be developed from them. As a result, Schlitz beer will never vary, and there will never be another beer like Schlitz.

And, above all, Schlitz beer is absolutely pure.

J.L. STACK

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THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
MADE IN FRANCE.
MORE SHORT SIXES.
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, & Supplies. Write for catalog, 445 illustrations, FREE; it gives information for musicians and new bands. LYON & HEALY, 96 Adams St., CHICAGO.

**Smith & Wesson Revolvers.**
The Worlds Standard.
Catalogue of latest Models for a stamp.
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**Keeley Cure**
**Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.**
The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES.
Communications confidential. Write for particulars.
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.


### JULY CHRONOLOGY.

1 Horton law went into effect in Pekin, 1900.
2 Grand reunion of authors of the "Letters of Junius," 1735.
4 Independence Day. Bryan becomes absolute dictator, 1900.
5 Lightning strikes twice in two places at Kansas City, 1900.
7 Chris. Columbus discovered the key to the jam closet, 1455.
8 Candidate George Washington invested in a slouch hat, 1782.
10 William Shakspere bolted the Wharton-Donnelly ticket, 1614.
12 After many years, Sleeping Beauty Hohenzollern awakens, 1900.
13 Comic singer Nero introduced the illustrated song sheet, 64.
15 Horse meat first figured in siege tactics at Troy, B. C. 861.
17 Exodus of Kansas City hotel-keepers for Paris Exposition, 1900.
18 Officials Spanish Inquisition unveiled a tablet to Wagner, 1663.
20 Popular subscription started for enlarging Dewey front porch, 1900.
22 Russell Sage presented a pint of peanuts to starving India, 1899.
25 Confiding British walked into another trap at Lundy's Lane, 1814.
26 C. Borgia appointed court confectioner to Empress of China, 1900.
28 Yaphank, I. T., made a flattering bid for Dewey convention, 1900.
29 Exclusive Willy Wally Astor refused to loan Al Wales a pipeful of tobacco, 1900.
31 With a violent effort, *N. Y. Journal* staves off chaos for a few more moons, 1900.

*W. S. Adkins.*

---

### EVERY-DAY LIFE.

MRS. D'AVNOO *(at front window)*.—Officer!

POLICEMAN.—Yes, Ma'am. What 's wrong, Ma'am?

MRS. D'AVNOO.—Nothing 's wrong; but I wish you 'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat, as she did last night. I 'm afraid to.—*New York Weekly.*

### THE IMPOSSIBLE AGAINST HIM.

"Did the doctor say what made poor Billy Jopps lose his mind?"

"Yes; he has been trying to construct an autocab so light that he could carry it home on his back if it got balky."—*Chicago Record.*

### QUALIFIED FOR THE BROADEST.

MISS GREENEYE.—Miss Long has a neck that would be a credit to a giraffe.

JACK SMART.—Yes; she 's the envy of all the women able to wear pearl collarettes.—*The Jewelers' Weekly.*

### MUST N'T BE CARRIED TOO FAR.

"Don't forget that cleanliness is next to godliness."

"Yes; and at the same time it does n't pay to 'wash' revenue stamps."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### THE CLIMAX OF ABSURDITY.

"I see that the French critics are actually comparing M. Rostand to Homer."

"That 's enough to make the Trojan horse laugh."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EVERY GIRL likes to have it said of her that she "eats as daintily as a bird;" but, somehow, we always remember that a bird eats live worms, and it does n't sound so nice.—*Atchison Globe.*

"WHY, DAISY, what on earth ails you? Your tongue has been going like a bell clapper for an hour!"

"Why, we 're playing house, Mama, and I 'm you."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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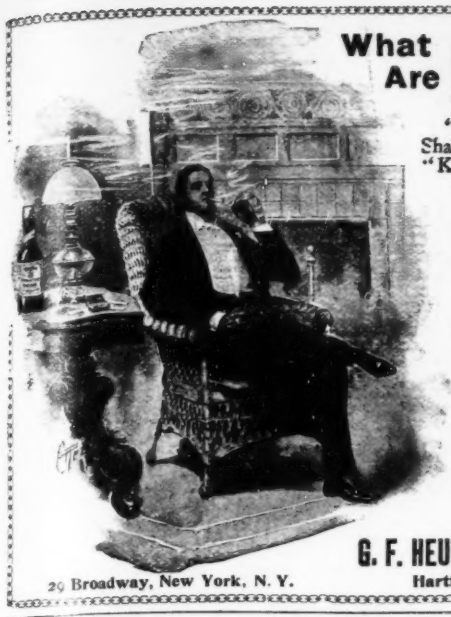
### RIGHT IN IT.

MRS. HOMESPUN.—And what 'll we do with them Philippines arter we git 'em, Josh?

MR. HOMESPUN.—W'y, gol darn it, Hannah! we 've *got* 'em, an' we 're *a-doin'* it!



**What Are Club Cocktails?**

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.**

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.


IT IS said Solomon never attempted to figure out when the next century began. This is still further proof of the old gentleman's wisdom.—*Norristown Herald.*

A pure, mellow rye whiskey that has stood every test of time. The connoisseur's choice, and the favorite drink of all who have tried it.

**We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.**

*AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.*

WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phil. and N. Y., Sole Proprietors. Established 1793.

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**OLD OVERHOLT WHISKEY**

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*Quality — Quantity — Age.*

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**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**

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**Address: PUCK, N. Y.**

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QUITE LIKELY.

MRS. JOHNSON.—Can yo' tell me how to regain mah husband's affections?
FORTUNE-TELLER.—I can—for fifty dollars!
MRS. JOHNSON.—Lawd Gawd! Ef I had fifty dollahs I 'd never hab lost 'em!

HIS BLUFF CALLED.

MR. QUITS.—No; I shall never marry a girl who will not accept an opal engagement ring.

MISS EAGER.—My father is a member of the Thirteen Club.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*


**BOKER'S BITTERS**

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.


A SLIPPERY DAY.

Do not assume to chide my mirth
Because your feet seemed light
And dropped you heavily to earth—
It was a merry sight.

I shall not hesitate at all
To laugh with careless glee;
For well I know were I to fall
You 'd do as much for me.
—*Washington Star.*

WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE SAID.

"I notice the minister said something about their traveling hereafter in double harness."

"Well?"

"He should have said in tandem fashion—with the bride ahead."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AN ANNUAL JOB.

YOUNG WIFE.—I wish you would take a day off and help me bring up all those jars of fruit I put up last Summer, and find some way to get rid of the stuff. It 's all spoiled, as usual.

HUSBAND.—What 's the hurry?

YOUNG WIFE.—I want the jars to put up more fruit.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A WINNING CARD.

"The pastor of the church has been trying to boss the choir for six weeks, but they have won."

"What did they do?"

"Got his wife to join."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MERCIFUL.

WIFE.—O John! you don't mean to say you shot that poor little bird?

HUSBAND.—No, dear! First I put salt on its tail; then when I had caught it I kicked it in the stomach and punched it in the eye till it was dead.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"I AM loyal to everything," said an Atchison man, to-day, "excepting American sardines."—*Atchison Globe.*

NOT TO BE DECLINED.

PEGGYSIS.—I have written a poem on the Boer cause. I wonder what would be the best paper to send it to?

CREETICK.—What do you call it?

PEGGYSIS.—"The Inevitable."

CREETICK.—Oh! send that to any editor. He 'll have to accept it.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A DIPLOMAT.

SHE.—If a woman were to ask you how old you thought she was, what would you tell her?

HE.—A lie, of course.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GREAT DIFFICULTY.

"I suppose there are many difficulties connected with your position as a leader?" said the acquaintance.

"There are," said the Filipino general. "It 's terribly hard, for instance, when I 'm leading my gallant men in a retreat to keep from being run over from behind."—*Washington Star.*

A BALTIMORE man has invented a cigar-shape train that made a record of 78 miles an hour. One made in the shape of a cigarette would carry you off faster than that.—*Norristown Herald.*

EVERYBODY, nearly, thinks he can write some things good enough for a book.—*Washington Democrat.*

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**DESTROYING THE IDEALS.**

AMERICAN SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL.— Hold on, Mr. Iconoclast! Can't you leave us just one Fairy Tale?